

# THE ARABIAN KNIGHT

A Story of Humor and Sentiment  
By Richard Connell

WINNIE weighed 225 pounds. Matter-of-fact dwellers in a matter-of-fact world called her fat. But this Winnie did not know, for she dwelt in a world of her own, and in this she was never more than—well, a maid of queenly figure.

In the giant office buildings of lower Manhattan gleamed a hundred thousand bright-lit windows. From her bedroom—33 a week in advance and no cooking allowed—Winnie could see them. She sat there in the darkness, gazing out.

Vague mountains she saw, that would have been ghostly but for here and there odd, unsteady patterns of streaming orange-yellow light. To one of an unromantic nature, those lighted windows might bespeak overtime toilers, but not to Winnie Bout.

Her favorite of them all was the great cathedral of business with its spired heights, from whose summit flamed a torch of red. Winnie let her gaze dwell long on the lofty edifice, and her eyes were full of dreams and wishes.

"So this is your castle!" she said aloud, in tones of tender rapture. "Oh, Abdul-el-Kafar, my prince, how wondrously beautiful! Ah, to dwell with thee in this palace till the sands of the desert grow cold!"

Her phrases were borrowed from the moving-picture screen.

IN business hours Winnie was aloof, brisk, dignified. This untrammelled mode of expression was reserved for that happiest hour of her life, when after her work behind the counter in Dignowity's delicatessen store, she came back to her furnished room, sat at her kimono-clad ease in a battered wicker chair and talked with princes.

"Princes? That was in the past. There was but one prince for me once. There had been but one since she saw 'Paston Amidst the Pyramids.' In it was Prince Abdul-el-Kafar, the noble-browed, brilliant-eyed, gleaming-toothed chieftain of a band of nomads. He votes, receives his mail, and is shaved by Angelo Delmonte, the role of intrepid and hot-blooded leader of his band of Bedouins, Abdul spies the blond beauty of Miss Evelyn Dairymple of New York, who is traveling in the desert, pursued by Sir Ruthven Mainwaring, scion of a noble house but cut at heart. Such strong emotions are kindled beneath Abdul's burnoose—local color for 'shirt'—that into the desert air he breathes the memorable words: 'At last! My mate—woman!' and swears by Allah to make her his. (Music cue: 'Pale Hands I Love')"

On his snow-white charger Abdul overtook her caravan in the exact center of the Sahara at the precise moment when Sir Ruthven is barely trying to hug her on a camel. Scorning to use his scimitar or yet his satrapian, Abdul uppeared. Back on his his chin and the leads to blows. Desert chieftain and white aristocrat indulge in a good many running film-fest of fistfuffs, almost upsetting a pyramid or two.

A right swing to the Adam's apple pinched the dastardly Sir Ruthven for the count, and Abdul snatches up Miss Dairymple and bears her off to his desert boudoir. He tries to hold her hand, but, to quote the subtitle, "Before the virginal armor of her glance, the prince is a collector. Her (Music cue: 'Less Than the Dust Benth Thy Chariot Wheels')"

She is a haughty captive for several hundred feet, and wears some charming negligees, of which it would seem, the prince is a collector. Her glance, her trusting smile make him remember that he is a gentleman, so he behaves himself and goes off to hunt ibexes. Up comes a sandstorm. Abdul gallops across the desert to the rescue of his captive. Rescue her he does, but in so doing a panic-stricken camel kicks him in the head and he is hurled between life and death; but is nursed back to health by Miss Dairymple, who melts in his arms and says, "My mate-man!" (Music cue: "Kiss Me Again.")

IT'S all right, though. Least there be any Caucasian permanent wave being joined in wedlock to black-bright, tinted locks, he confesses that he is really Harold Emerson Throckmorton of a fine old cotton-mill-owning Boston family, cut, dusted, and no longer supercilious. Miss Dairymple, followed by a missionary from Des Moines, Iowa, who as luck would have it, was passing at the moment. (Music-cue: Mendelssohn's "Wedding March.")

With all her eyes and soul Winnie had devoured this drama. In her world of reverie she played it over and over. But Miss Dairymple—otherwise Miss Peggy Charming—was eliminated, and her role was played by Winnie Bout.

Over Winnie's washstand hung a picture of Angelo Delmonte, cut from a motion picture magazine. Winnie knew the legend beneath the picture by heart.

Angelo Delmonte, idol of the screen, snatched unawares at his country place, Kite Inn. He loves outdoor life, but speaks English with a delicious foreign accent, he being of a noble Spanish-Italian family but a naturalized American citizen.

To this picture Winnie turned from her contemplation of the glittering heights of her castle, and apparently in reply to some question, said: "What was that thing that attracted me to you, my prince?" Oh, Abdul, it was your delicious foreign accent."

A knock on the door startled Miss Bout from her musings.

"You may enter," she said in a voice that was, she hoped, queenly. It was her secret belief that she and the chancery, the daughter of a king, inexplicably left to be raised by her parents, who, before their demise, were in the delicatessen business.

Holding to this belief, she had cultivated a regal manner.

"The girl who entered was a bony slip of a thing in a cotton-crepe kimono. Everything about the newcomer seemed sharp—her eyes, her elbows, her chin, her voice and her manner.

"Listen, Tiny," she said; "lemme have the towel off your frizzle-iron will you? I got a date with Eddie."

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the Bronx home of one of her co-workers in Dignowity's. But when they played post office, Winnie's name had never been called.

As she ran over these events, Winnie Bout was forced to admit to herself that her search for romance had been perilously near a total failure. Tomorrow, she felt, would be a crisis in her life.

In the morning she dressed with infinite care. Her final glance in the mirror was not very reassuring. She did look—well, rather wide, and her legs—well, she hadn't realized there was quite so much of them. However, bravely she set forth.

She was dressed in the garb of the younger generation. Her feet were adorned with flat, rubber-soled sport shoes of banana-hued elkskin, with brown bands across the toes; her stockings were of the popular buffish tint; her skirt was plaid—rather violently plaid. Her light coat was of alleged camel's hair, and was of the type called "polo." Her hat was cocked at an angle that obliterated one eye entirely and imperiled the other. A rainbow scarf was twisted nonchalantly about her throat.

When church was over Winnie started on her stroll up 5th avenue. Inwardly she was trembling at her own audacity.

At 50th street she saw approaching a young man, a very superior-looking man, in top hat and morning coat, with a gardenia in his buttonhole. As his features grew more distinct, Winnie's heart stopped short. It was he—Angelo Delmonte!

Winnie gathered together all her courage. As he drew near she raised her eyes to his archly. She gave him a lingering little look; then she dropped them again. She ventured a look up, saw in their little, round, smiling eyes, and was not smiling; he was laughing! And at her!

Winnie took the elevated train back to lower 7th avenue. As she hurried homeward she heard a voice call: "Well, look who's here! Why, Tiny?"

It was Miss Shultz, another girl, Eddie, and a fellow member of the Social and Athletic Club out for a Sunday stroll.

Winnie nodded to them as pleasantly as a numbered heart would permit. In the faces of Eddie and his friend she saw the same look she had seen in the face of her prince on 5th avenue. Their laughter pursued her as she climbed the stairs to her bedroom. She was sitting in her wicker chair, trying to keep back the tears, when Gertrude thrust in her head.

"You know what Eddie said, Tiny?" Winnie raised her stricken face.

"That," she asked feebly.

"He said," replied Miss Shultz, "that you looked like a load of hay going somewhere to be pitched." She slammed the door and rattled down stairs again.

With dull fingers Winnie pulled off her finery, let it fall to the floor, lay down on the bed, buried her face in a pillow and tried to shut out the world.

Winnie had to go to work that afternoon, for Sunday is a banner day in delicatessenland. As she arranged the cold baked beans in their little paper canoes, she felt that the world was staring at her, pointing its finger at her, laughing at her. But the thought that tortured her most was that no prince would ever come for her now.

Winnie was fat. Not just pleasantly plump, not just stylishly stout—fat. She knew the cold truth. She had thought of herself as statuesque, but now—

Winnie weighed 225 pounds. It may strike the fortunate tint that it was odd that she had never noticed this damning fact until her twenty-second year. But what girl of romantic temperament will admit to herself that she is unattractive to men until the cruel truth is forced upon her?

Winnie couldn't help being like that. She inherited her physique and her romantic temperament. It made Winnie's mother proud to have customers come into the Bout Delicatessen Emporium and say, as they pinched young Winnie's bulging cheeks or chubby legs: "There's a fine healthy child for you!"

Her father said it was a good advertisement for his business to have Winnie so palpably well nourished, and he permitted, even encouraged, her as a child to range at will among the macaroons, the pies, the potato chips and the candies. When she grew a little older Winnie wrapped herself round in dreams, she made believe to herself that slender girls were jealous of her superior statuesqueness, closed the door of her mind to the

some of them. She regretted that now. To her banter she returned a smile. But there was no smile in her heart. For as it beat it seemed to say: "Too fat! Too fat!"

HOWEVER, clinging to her resolution, she bestowed a smile on all her customers. Age or sex mattered not. What could a man mean to her now? She almost stopped smiling as this thought crossed her brain. But she didn't. She smiled at the customer who had huskily ordered some cold beans. He smiled back—a surprised almost frightened smile.

"Anything else?" asked Winnie, smiling.

"Nudding," said the customer. He reached out a huge hand for the little canoe of beans. The timidity of his voice and manner was not at all in keeping with his big, bulging shoulders that fitted tightly into his blue suit. He was not tall, or fat, yet his shoulders seemed to fill the store. His face was tanned, and his mustache curled in a tight black curl on either end. He took his beans, made a queer, ducking bow to Winnie and shouldered his way out.

"Hey, Winnie, who's your friend?" called Gertrude Shultz.



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looked up, smiled. It was the man of the bulky shoulders.

"Piggie," he said shyly.

She captured a pickle from the tank, and he stared it away. Again she returned to her melancholy musings. A customer at her counter brought her back to the world of reality. With a little start Winnie recognized the buyer of pickles.

"Piggie," he said. His tone was plaintive.

With a smile Winnie gave him his pickle. For the smallest part of a second he dared to raise his black eyes to her blue eyes. Then he made a ducking bow and vanished from the store.

IN HER room that night, Winnie did not smile. That role was reserved for the day. It helped her get through the long work hours. In the morning, shortly after she had taken her place behind the counter, the man with the bulky shoulders made his appearance. He advanced to Winnie's counter with a more determined stride, opened his mouth as if to say something important, thought better of it or else lost courage, and said simply: "Piggie."

Winnie smiled.

"Say," she said affably: "you'd save time if you bought 'em by the dozen." He actually blushed beneath his tan. Suddenly he uncurred, then curled, his mustache-ends with a deft, rapid gesture and said: "Name, please?"

"Hagardon."

"Name?"

"My name?"

"Yes. Sure."

"Winnie."

"Weenie?"

"Yes."

Confusion seemed to overtake him at this point. He seized the pickle in his brown hands and carried it off as if he were performing a religious rite. Some busy hours passed. Winnie turned from the butter tub to find the man with the bulky shoulders gazing at her intently. There was a curious light in his eyes. Somehow, it made Winnie blush.

"Piggie, Weenie," he said in a tone of almost abject deference.

She covered her own confusion by pretending to search the aquarium for the largest pickle. He took it, bowed, and departed.

The long day in the store was nearing an end, and Winnie was trying not to think of the cheerless evening ahead of her in her hall bedroom when she heard, or rather, felt, the presence of a customer. She looked. It was the bulky buyer of pickles, who had come in softly and was watching her. She saw that same old look in his black eyes.

"Piggie, Weenie," he said, almost shyly.

"Say," remarked Winnie: "you must be fond of pickles."

The bulky man shook his head.

"I hate zem," he said sadly. "Zem make me seek."

"They make you sick?"

"Veree, veree seek," he affirmed.

"Then why do you eat them?"

"I don't eat zem?"

"You don't eat zem? Then what do you do with them?"

"I throw zem away," he said, twisting the pickle in his hand in his embarrassment.

"Do you mean to say you buy good pickles to throw away?" Winnie stared at him.

He gazed at the shining buttons on his tan shoes. He nodded.

"But why do you buy them?" Winnie persisted.

He looked up at her with sudden courage.

"Because, Weenie," he said, "you smile when you sell zem to me."

"But I—I don't see—" faltered Winnie.

"Outside, by the gutter, I will await you," he said. "Zem will wait you, O daughter of the sun!"

IT must have been after midnight that night when Miss Gertrude Shultz, in her hall bedroom on lower 7th avenue, was awakened from her slumbers by the excited entrance of Winnie Bout.

"Wake up, Gertrude; wake up!"

"Fire!" asked Miss Shultz, sitting up in bed.

"No. Me."

"You, Tiny? What's the row?"

"Guess."

"Guess what?"

"I guess I was more beautiful than the full moon over the Bosphorus!"

"Who? What?"

"And he said my smile was like a wreath of stars shining down on Stamboul!"

"Tiny Bout, are you sober?" Miss Shultz stared at Winnie.

"Yes, yes, yes! And he said that in his country I'd be considered very beautiful." Winnie hesitated and blushed. "Only—if anything—I was a little underweight."

"Who said this?" demanded Miss Shultz.

"The prince—my prince!"

"Your prince?"

"Yes, Abdul. We're to be married Saturday."

"You? Tiny? To a prince?" Miss Shultz took the tone of one humoring a lunatic. "I suppose he's got a milk-white stallion."

"He has," replied Winnie proudly. "Six of them. I saw them."

"Where?"

"Madison Square Garden."

"The circus?" Winnie nodded.

"Say," questioned Miss Shultz, "what kind of a prince is he?"

"I don't know exactly," admitted Winnie. "But on the whole, I say he is Abdul, the equestrian prince from Constantinople."

"Equestrian?" Miss Shultz wrinkled her sharp forehead. "Never heard of Equestria. Where is it?"

"I don't know," said Winnie; "but I'll get the prince to take me there."

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common sense, daring initiative, a score of prosaic qualities.

I had all the suffrage in the world and what did it buy me? What did it buy the men around me? Precious little. Yes, better laws for my sex were going into effect. But, after all, those laws had only a slight effect on my individual life. I found to my amazement that I and the men who worked with me were forced to face the very same conditions from which I thought suffrage would rescue humanity. Poverty, boredom, stupidity, laziness, inefficiency, in the midst of them all we floundered along, managing to support ourselves somehow.

THEN I looked at the leaders, at the lucky few who rose. I had thought that men became prosperous and powerful because they had the run of the roost, as it were, and that women would reach the same estate when emancipated. Well, here we were, all emancipated together. What made the leaders rise? Suffrage? Emancipation? Not a bit of it—the old, old qualities of pep and perseverance, patience, poise and pluck. Whether they were men or women, they had to succeed just as great-grandfathers had got ahead. As far as their individual success was concerned, the great phenomenon of suffrage might just as well never have happened.

Then I discovered another amazing thing. As a housekeeper I had been very sure I was humanity's original beast of burden. Mine was the dearest, most depressing job on earth. I knew it. And all the other ladies knew it. Once let us set our collective foot in the office world and we'd show 'em.

Very well, here we were with our foot in the office world, and what did we find? That when the novelty had worn off, the office was just as hard and depressing—that we worked just as hard physically and infinitely harder mentally than we ever had in the old days at home. Moreover, we found that a thousand considerations and exemptions which were ours at home were denied us in the "man world" which we had thought so free and pleasant.

I found that when it came to "self-expression" the average housewife has a thousand more opportunities than the average office worker.

The working world, the political world, doesn't want "self-expression." It wants action—gobs of it—hot off the griddle.

In short, I found that the most evident right which my emancipation had conferred upon me was the right to work much harder and control myself much more than I had ever dreamed of doing in the past—the right to forget my individuality and merge myself in the combination—the right to grow up, with a lot of growing pains! I had opened the suffrage treasure chest, and that is what I found.

Most women haven't opened the lid. That's the terse statement of vital fact. They see their own condition acutely, and because that condition has long held and still holds much of discomfort and injustice and failure they conclude that they are being down-trodden. "Give us suffrage and we'll rectify all this," they cried. And suffrage was given them. "Wait now until we get better laws," they now cry. And we're waiting.

The simple truth is that no one is holding the woman down save her

Gold in Ceramics.

GOLD is used on pottery either for gilding or as a coloring agent in glazes. Its value for gilding lies in its resistance to oxidation and the fineness of the layer that can be produced, which is why it is not an expensive stain. The aid of a flux is employed in application and mercurous oxide is found to reduce the amount of gold required. The following mixture is used:

Fifteen parts of black mercurous oxide, 2.5 parts of barium bluish nitrate and 0.3 parts of melted borax. A combination of three parts of silver carbonate to this composition produces a greenish tint. After firing in the muffle the gold has a matt surface and must be polished with bloodstone or agate. A cheaper process, which is not so brilliant as polishing after the burn, is the use of glauzoid or Meissner gold, a preparation of gold solution with an organic medium such as turpentine, lavender oil or a balsam or resin. As a coloring agent in glazes, gold produces shades from violet to purple. That's the terse statement of vital fact. They see their own condition acutely, and because that condition has long held and still holds much of discomfort and injustice and failure they conclude that they are being down-trodden. "Give us suffrage and we'll rectify all this," they cried. And suffrage was given them. "Wait now until we get better laws," they now cry. And we're waiting.

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